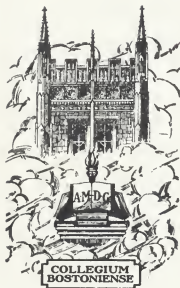


IN THE SEVEN WOODS. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*St. Columba's, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland*  
*France*



Gift of  
**JAMES AUGUSTINE HEALY**















IN THE SEVEN WOODS : BEING POEMS  
CHIEFLY OF THE IRISH HEROIC AGE  
BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

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IN THE SEVEN WOODS: BEING POEMS  
CHIEFLY OF THE IRISH HEROIC AGE.

IN THE SEVEN WOODS

I have heard the pigeons of the Seven Woods  
Make their faint thunder, and the garden bees  
Hum in the lime tree flowers; and put away  
The unavailing outcries and the old bitterness  
That empty the heart. I have forgot awhile  
Tara uprooted, and new commonness  
Upon the throne and crying about the streets  
And hanging its paper flowers from post to post,  
Because it is alone of all things happy.  
I am contented for I know that Quiet  
Wanders laughing and eating her wild heart  
Among pigeons and bees, while that Great Archer,  
Who but awaits His hour to shoot, still hangs  
A cloudy quiver over Parc-na-Lee.

August, 1902.

THE OLD AGE OF QUEEN MAEVE

Maeve the great queen was pacing to and fro,  
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze,  
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,  
Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed  
Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,  
Or on the benches underneath the walls,  
In comfortable sleep; all living slept

But that great queen, who more than half the night  
Had paced from door to fire and fire to door.  
Though now in her old age, in her young age  
She had been beautiful in that old way  
That's all but gone; for the proud heart is gone  
And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all  
But soft beauty and indolent desire.  
She could have called over the rim of the world  
Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,  
And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,  
Fashioned to be the mother of strong children;  
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,  
And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,  
At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,  
Sudden and laughing.

O unquiet heart,  
Why do you praise another, praising her,  
As if there were no tale but your own tale  
Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound? .  
Have I not bid you tell of that great queen  
Who has been buried some two thousand years?.

When night was at its deepest, a wild goose  
Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamour  
Shook the ale horns and shields upon their hooks;  
But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power  
Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;

And wondering who of the many changing Sidhe  
Had come as in the old times to counsel her,  
Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall being old,  
To that small chamber by the outer gate.  
The porter slept although he sat upright  
With still and stony limbs and open eyes.  
Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise  
Broke from his parted lips and broke again,  
She laid a hand on either of his shoulders,  
And shook him wide awake, and bid him say  
Who of the wandering many-changing ones  
Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say  
Was that, the air being heavy and the dogs  
More still than they had been for a good month,  
He had fallen asleep, and, though he had dreamed nothing,  
He could remember when he had had fine dreams.  
It was before the time of the great war  
Over the White-Horned Bull, and the Brown Bull.

She turned away; he turned again to sleep  
That no god troubled now, and, wondering  
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,  
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh  
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping room,  
Remembering that she too had seemed divine  
To many thousand eyes, and to her own  
One that the generations had long waited

That work too difficult for mortal hands  
Might be accomplished. Bunching the curtain up  
She saw her husband Ailell sleeping there,  
And thought of days when he'd had a straight body,  
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,  
Who had been the lover of her middle life.

Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,  
And not with his own voice or a man's voice,  
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice  
Of those that it may be can never age.  
He said 'High Queen of Cruachan and Mag Ai  
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you.'  
And with glad voice Maeve answered him 'What King  
Of the far wandering shadows has come to me?  
As in the old days when they would come and go  
About my threshold to counsel and to help.'  
The parted lips replied 'I seek your help,  
For I am Aengus and I am crossed in love.'

'How may a mortal whose life gutters out  
Help them that wander with hand clasping hand  
By rivers where nor rain nor hail has dimmed  
Their haughty images, that cannot fade  
Although their beauty's like a hollow dream'

'I come from the undimmed rivers to bid you call



The children of the Maines out of sleep,  
And set them digging into Anbual's hill.  
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,  
Will overthrow his shadows and carry off  
Caer, his blue eyed daughter that I love.  
I helped your fathers when they built these walls  
And I would have your help in my great need,  
Queen of high Cruachan'.

    'I obey your will  
With speedy feet and a most thankful heart:  
For you have been, O Aengus of the birds  
Our giver of good counsel and good luck'.  
And with a groan, as if the mortal breath  
Could but awaken sadly upon lips  
That happier breath had moved, her husband turned  
Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;  
But Maeve, and not with a slow feeble foot,  
Came to the threshold of the painted house,  
Where her grandchildren slept, and cried aloud,  
Until the pillared dark began to stir  
With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.

She told them of the many-changing ones;  
And all that night, and all through the next day  
To middle night, they dug into the hill.  
At middle night great cats with silver claws,  
Bodies of shadow and blind eyes like pearls,

Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds  
With long white bodies came out of the air  
Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.

The Maines' children dropped their spades, and stood  
With quaking joints and terror stricken faces,  
Till Maeve called out 'These are but common men.  
The Maines' children have not dropped their spades  
Because Earth crazy for its broken power  
Casts up a show and the winds answer it  
With holy shadows'. Her high heart was glad,  
And when the uproar ran along the grass  
She followed with light footfall in the midst,  
Till it died out where an old thorn tree stood.

Friend of these many years, you too had stood  
With equal courage in that whirling rout;  
For you, although you've not her wandering heart,  
Have all that greatness, and not her's alone.  
For there is no high story about queens  
In any ancient book but tells of you,  
And when I've heard how they grew old and died  
Or fell into unhappiness I've said;  
'She will grow old and die and she has wept'!  
And when I'd write it out anew, the words,  
Half crazy with the thought, She too has wept!  
Outrun the measure.

I'd tell of that great queen  
Who stood amid a silence by the thorn  
Until two lovers came out of the air  
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one  
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings  
Said, 'Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks  
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all  
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace'.  
Then Maeve, 'O Aengus, Master of all lovers,  
A thousand years ago you held high talk  
With the first kings of many pillared Cruachan  
O when will you grow weary'.

They had vanished,  
But out of the dark air over her head there came  
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.

### BAILE AND AILLINN

Argument. Baile and Aillinn were lovers, but Aengus, the Master of Love, wishing them to be happy in his own land among the dead, told to each a story of the others death, so that their hearts were broken and they died.

*I hardly hear the curlew cry,  
Nor the grey rush when wind is high,  
Before my thoughts begin to run  
On the heir of Ulad, Buan's son,  
Baile who had the honey mouth,*

And that mild woman of the south,  
Aillinn, who was King Lugaid's heir.  
Their love was never drowned in care  
Of this or that thing, nor grew cold  
Because their bodies had grown old;  
Being forbid to marry on earth  
They blossomed to immortal mirth.

About the time when Christ was born,  
When the long wars for the White Horn  
And the Brown Bull had not yet come,  
Young Baile Honey-Mouth, whom some  
Called rather Baile Little-Land,  
Rode out of Emain with a band  
Of harpers and young men, and they  
Imagined, as they struck the way  
To many pastured Muirthemne,  
That all things fell out happily  
And there, for all that fools had said,  
Baile and Aillinn would be wed.

They found an old man running there,  
He had ragged long grass-yellow hair;  
He had knees that stuck out of his hose;  
He had puddle water in his shoes;  
He had half a cloak to keep him dry;  
Although he had a squirrel's eye.

O wandering birds and rushy beds  
You put such folly in our heads  
With all this crying in the wind  
No common love is to our mind,  
And our poor Kate or Nan is less  
Than any whose unhappiness  
Awoke the harp strings long ago.  
Yet they that know all things but know  
That all life had to give us is  
A child's laughter, a woman's kiss.  
Who was it put so great a scorn  
In the grey reeds that night and morn  
Are trodden and broken by the herds,  
And in the light bodies of birds  
That north wind tumbles to and fro  
And pinches among hail and snow?

That runner said ' I am from the south ;  
I run to Baile Honey-Mouth  
To tell him how the girl Aillinn  
Rode from the country of her kin  
And old and young men rode with her :  
For all that country had been astir  
If anybody half as fair  
Had chosen a husband anywhere  
But where it could see her every day.  
When they had ridden a little way

An old man caught the horse's head  
With 'You must home again and wed  
With somebody in your own land'.  
A young man cried and kissed her hand  
'O lady, wed with one of us;'  
And when no face grew piteous  
For any gentle thing she spake  
She fell and died of the heart-break'.

Because a lover's heart's worn out  
Being tumbled and blown about  
By its own blind imagining,  
And will believe that anything  
That is bad enough to be true, is true,  
Baile's heart was broken in two;  
And he being laid upon green boughs  
Was carried to the goodly house  
Where the Hound of Ulad sat before  
The brazen pillars of his door;  
His face bowed low to weep the end  
Of the harper's daughter and her friend;  
For although years had passed away  
He always wept them on that day,  
For on that day they had been betrayed;  
And now that Honey-Mouth is laid  
Under a cairn of sleepy stone  
Before his eyes, he has tears for none,

Although he is carrying stone, but two  
For whom the cairn's but heaped anew.

We hold because our memory is  
So full of that thing and of this  
That out of sight is out of mind.  
But the grey rush under the wind  
And the grey bird with crooked bill  
Have such long memories that they still  
Remember Deirdre and her man,  
And when we walk with Kate or Nan  
About the windy water side  
Our heart can hear the voices chide.  
How could we be so soon content  
Who know the way that Naoise went?  
And they have news of Deirdre's eyes  
Who being lovely was so wise  
Ah wise, my heart knows well how wise.

Now had that old gaunt crafty one,  
Gathering his cloak about him, run  
Where Aillinn rode with waiting maids  
Who amid leafy lights and shades  
Dreamed of the hands that would unlace  
Their bodices in some dim place  
When they had come to the marriage bed;  
And harpers pondering with bowed head

A music that had thought enough  
Of the ebb of all things to make love  
Grow gentle without sorrowings;  
And leather-coated men with slings  
Who peered about on every side;  
And amid leafy light he cried,  
' He is well out of wind and wave,  
They have heaped the stones above his grave  
In Muirthemne and over it  
In changeless Ogham letters writ  
**Baile that was of Rury's seed.**  
But the gods long ago decreed  
No waiting maid should ever spread  
Baile and Aillinn's marriage bed,  
For they should clip and clip again  
Where wild bees hive on the Great Plain.  
Therefore it is but little news  
That put this hurry in my shoes.'

And hurrying to the south he came  
To that high hill the herdsman name  
The Hill Seat of Leighin, because  
Some god or king had made the laws  
That held the land together there,  
In old times among the clouds of the air.

That old man climbed; the day grew dim;



Two swans came flying up to him  
Linked by a gold chain each to each  
And with low murmuring laughing speech  
Alighted on the windy grass.  
They knew him: his changed body was  
Tall, proud and ruddy, and light wings  
Were hovering over the harp strings  
That Etain, Midhir's wife, had wove  
In the hid place, being crazed by love.

What shall I call them? fish that swim  
Scale rubbing scale where light is dim  
By a broad water-lily leaf;  
Or mice in the one wheaten sheaf  
Forgotten at the threshing place;  
Or birds lost in the one clear space  
Of morning light in a dim sky;  
Or it may be, the eyelids of one eye  
Or the door pillars of one house,  
Or two sweet blossoming apple boughs  
That have one shadow on the ground;  
Or the two strings that made one sound  
Where that wise harper's finger ran;  
For this young girl and this young man  
Have happiness without an end  
Because they have made so good a friend.

They know all wonders, for they pass  
The towery gates of Gorias  
And Findrias and Falias  
And long-forgotten Murias,  
Among the giant kings whose hoard  
Cauldron and spear and stone and sword  
Was robbed before Earth gave the wheat;  
Wandering from broken street to street  
They come where some huge watcher is  
And tremble with their love and kiss.

They know undying things, for they  
Wander where earth withers away,  
Though nothing troubles the great streams  
But light from the pale stars, and gleams  
From the holy orchards, where there is none  
But fruit that is of precious stone,  
Or apples of the sun and moon.

What were our praise to them: they eat  
Quiet's wild heart, like daily meat,  
Who when night thickens are afloat  
On dappled skins in a glass boat  
Far out under a windless sky,  
While over them birds of Aengus fly,  
And over the tiller and the prow  
And waving white wings to and fro

Awaken wanderings of light air  
To stir their coverlet and their hair.

And poets found, old writers say,  
A yew tree where his body lay,  
But a wild apple hid the grass  
With its sweet blossom where hers was;  
And being in good heart, because  
A better time had come again  
After the deaths of many men,  
And that long fighting at the ford,  
They wrote on tablets of thin board,  
Made of the apple and the yew,  
All the love stories that they knew.

Let rush and bird cry out their fill  
Of the harper's daughter if they will,  
Beloved, I am not afraid of her  
She is not wiser nor lovelier,  
And you are more high of heart than she  
For all her wanderings over-sea;  
But I'd have bird and rush forget  
Those other two, for never yet  
Has lover lived but longed to wive  
Like them that are no more alive.

## THE ARROW

I thought of your beauty and this arrow  
Made out of a wild thought is in my marrow.  
There's no man may look upon her, no man,  
As when newly grown to be a woman,  
Blossom pale, she pulled down the pale blossom  
At the moth hour and hid it in her bosom.  
This beauty's kinder yet for a reason  
I could weep that the old is out of season.

## THE FOLLY OF BEING COMFORTED

One that is ever kind said yesterday:  
'Your well beloved's hair has threads of grey  
And little shadows come about her eyes;  
Time can but make it easier to be wise  
Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end;  
And so be patient, be wise and patient friend'.  
But heart, there is no comfort, not a grain  
Time can but make her beauty over again  
Because of that great nobleness of hers;  
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs  
Burns but more clearly; O she had not these ways,  
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.  
O heart O heart if she'd but turn her head,  
You'd know the folly of being comforted.

## THE WITHERING OF THE BOUGHS

I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds  
'Let peewit call and curlew cry where they will  
I long for your merry and tender and pitiful words,  
For the roads are unending and there is no place to my mind.'  
The honey-pale moon lay low on the sleepy hill  
And I fell asleep upon lonely Ectge of streams;  
No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind,  
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

I know of the leafy paths that the witches take,  
Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool,  
And their secret smile, out of the depths of the lake;  
And of apple islands where the Danaan kind  
Wind and unwind their dances when the light grows cool  
On the island lawns, their feet where the pale foam gleams;  
No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind,  
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

I know of the sleepy country, where swans fly round  
Coupled with golden chains and sing as they fly,  
A king and a queen are wandering there, and the sound  
Has made them so happy and hopeless, so deaf and so blind  
With wisdom, they wander till all the years have gone by;  
I know, and the curlew and peewit on Ectge of streams;  
No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind,  
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

## ADAM'S CURSE

We sat together at one summer's end  
That beautiful mild woman your close friend  
And you and I, and talked of poetry.

I said 'a line will take us hours maybe,  
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought  
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.  
Better go down upon your marrow bones  
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones  
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;  
For to articulate sweet sounds together  
Is to work harder than all these and yet  
Be thought an idler by the noisy set  
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen  
The martyrs call the world.'

That woman then  
Murmured with her young voice, for whose mild sake  
There's many a one shall find out all heartache  
In finding that it's young and mild and low.  
'There is one thing that all we women know  
Although we never heard of it at school,  
That we must labour to be beautiful.'

I said, 'It's certain there is no fine thing  
Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring.

There have been lovers who thought love should be  
So much compounded of high courtesy  
That they would sigh and quote with learned looks  
Precedents out of beautiful old books;  
Yet now it seems an idle trade enough'.

We sat grown quiet at the name of love.  
We saw the last embers of daylight die  
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky  
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell  
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell  
About the stars and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one's but your ears;  
That you were beautiful and that I strove  
To love you in the old high way of love;  
That it had all seemed happy, and yet we'd grown  
As weary hearted as that hollow moon.

### THE SONG OF RED HANRAHAN

The old brown thorn trees break in two high over Cummen Strand  
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand,  
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies;  
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes  
Of Cathleen the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarea  
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Maeve can  
say.

Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat;  
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet  
Of Cathleen the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,  
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;  
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;  
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood  
Is Cathleen the daughter of Houlihan.

## THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

I heard the old, old men say  
'Everything alters,  
And one by one we drop away'.  
They had hands like claws, and their knees  
Were twisted like the old thorn trees  
By the waters.  
I heard the old old men say  
'All that's beautiful drifts away  
Like the waters.'



## UNDER THE MOON

I have no happiness in dreaming of Brycelinde;  
Nor Avalon the grass green hollow, nor Joyous Isle,  
Where one found Lancelot crazed and hid him for a while,  
Nor Ulad when Naoise had thrown a sail upon the wind,  
Nor lands that seem too dim to be burdens on the heart,  
Land-under-Wave, where out of the moon's light and  
the sun's  
Seven old sisters wind the threads of the long lived ones,  
Land-of-the-Tower, where Aengus has thrown the gates  
apart,  
And Wood-of-Wonders, where one kills an ox at dawn  
To find it when night falls laid on a golden bier:  
Therein are many queens like Branwen, and Guinivere;  
And Niam, and Laban, and Fand, who could change to an  
otter or fawn  
And the wood-woman whose lover was changed to a  
blue-eyed hawk;  
And whether I go in my dreams by woodland, or dun,  
or shore,  
Or on the unpeopled waves with kings to pull at the oar,  
I hear the harpstring praise them or hear their mournful talk.  
Because of a story I heard under the thin horn  
Of the third moon, that hung between the night and the day,  
To dream of women whose beauty was folded in dismay,  
Even in an old story, is a burden not to be borne.

## THE PLAYERS ASK FOR A BLESSING ON THE PSALTERIES AND THEMSELVES

Three Voices together

Hurry to bless the hands that play  
The mouths that speak, the notes and strings  
O masters of the glittering town!  
O! lay the shrilly trumpet down,  
Though drunken with the flags that sway  
Over the ramparts and the towers,  
And with the waving of your wings.

First Voice

Maybe they linger by the way;  
One gathers up his purple gown;  
One leans and mutters by the wall;  
He dreads the weight of mortal hours.

Second Voice

O no, O no, they hurry down  
Like plovers that have heard the call.

Third Voice

O, kinsmen of the Three in One,  
O, kinsmen bless the hands that play.  
The notes they waken shall live on  
When all this heavy history's done.  
Our hands, our hands must ebb away.

Three Voices together

The proud and careless notes live on  
But bless our hands that ebb away.

## THE RIDER FROM THE NORTH

From the play of The Country of the Young

There's many a strong farmer  
Who's heart would break in two  
If he could see the townland  
That we are riding to;  
Boughs have their fruit and blossom,  
At all times of the year,  
Rivers are running over  
With red beer and brown beer.  
An old man plays the bagpipes  
In a golden and silver wood,  
Queens their eyes blue like the ice  
Are dancing in a crowd.

The little fox he murmured,  
O what is the world's bane?,  
The sun was laughing sweetly,  
The moon plucked at my rein;  
But the little red fox murmured  
'O do not pluck at his rein,  
He is riding to the townland  
That is the world's bane.'

When their hearts are so high,  
That they would come to blows,

They unhook their heavy swords  
From golden and silver boughs;  
But all that are killed in battle  
Awaken to life again;  
It is lucky that their story  
Is not known among men.  
For O the strong farmers  
That would let the spade lie,  
For their hearts would be like a cup  
That somebody had drunk dry.

The little fox he murmured,  
'O what is the world's bane?'  
The sun was laughing sweetly,  
The moon plucked at my rein;  
But the little red fox murmured  
'O do not pluck at his rein,  
He is riding to the townland  
That is the world's bane.'

Michael will unhook his trumpet  
From a bough overhead,  
And blow a little noise  
When the supper has been spread.  
Gabriel will come from the water  
With a fish tail, and talk  
Of wonders that have happened

On wet roads where men walk,  
And lift up an old horn  
Of hammered silver, and drink  
Till he has fallen asleep  
Upon the starry brink.

The little fox he murmured,  
'O what is the world's bane,?'  
The sun was laughing sweetly,  
The moon plucked at my rein;  
But the little red fox murmured,  
'O do not pluck at his rein,  
He is riding to the townland,  
That is the world's bane.'

I made some of these poems walking about among the Seven Woods, before the big wind of nineteen hundred and three blew down so many trees, & troubled the wild creatures, & changed the look of things; and I thought out there a good part of the play which follows. The first shape of it came to me in a dream, but it changed much in the making, foreshadowing, it may be, a change that may bring a less dream-burdened will into my verses. I never re-wrote anything so many times; for at first I could not make these wills that stream into mere life poetical. But now I hope to do easily much more of the kind, and that our new Irish players will find the buskin and the sock.

## ON BAILE'S STRAND, A PLAY.

### THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

CUCHULLAIN, the King of Muirthemne.

CONCOBAR, the High King of Ullad.

DAIRE, a King.

FINTAIN, a blind man.

BARACH, a fool.

A Young man.

Young Kings and old Kings.

SCENE: A great hall by the sea close to Dundalgan. There are two great chairs on either side of the hall, each raised a little from the ground, and on the back of the one chair is carved and painted a woman with a fish's tail, and on the back of the other a hound. There are smaller chairs and benches raised in tiers round the walls. There is a great ale vat at one side near a small door, & a large door at the back through which one can see the sea. Barach, a tall thin man with long ragged hair, dressed in skins, comes in at the side door. He is leading Fintain, a fat blind man, who is somewhat older.

### BARACH.

I will shut the door, for this wind out of the sea gets into my bones, and if I leave but an inch for the wind there is one like a flake of sea-frost that might come into the house.

FINTAIN.

What is his name, fool?

BARACH.

It's a woman from among the Riders of the Sidhe. It's Boann herself from the river. She has left the Dagda's bed, and gone through the salt of the sea & up here to the strand of Baile, and all for love of me. Let her keep her husband's bed, for she'll have none of me. Nobody knows how lecherous these goddesses are. I see her in every kind of shape but oftener than not she's in the wind and cries 'give a kiss and put your arms about me.' But no she'll have no more of me. Yesterday when I put out my lips to kiss her, there was nothing there but the wind. She's bad, Fintain. O, she's bad. I had better shut the big door too. (he is going towards the big door but turns hearing Fintain's voice.)

FINTAIN.

(who has been feeling about with his stick) What's this and this?

BARACH.

They are chairs.

FINTAIN.

And this?

BARACH,

Why, that's a bench.

FINTAIN.

And this?

BARACH.

A big chair.

FINTAIN.

(feeling the back of the chair) There is a sea-woman carved upon it.

BARACH.

And there is another big chair on the other side of the hall.

FINTAIN.

Lead me to it. (he mutters while the fool is leading him) That is what the High King Concobar has on his shield. The High King will be coming. They have brought out his chair. (he begins feeling the back of the other chair.) And there is a dog's head on this. They have brought out our master's chair. Now I know what the horse-boys were talking about. We must not stay here. The Kings are going to meet here. Now that Concobar and our master, that is his chief man, have put down all the enemies of Ullad, they are going to build up Emain again. They are going to talk over their plans for building it. Were you ever in Concobar's town before it was burnt? O, he is a great King, for though Emain was burnt down, every war had made him richer. He has gold and silver dishes, and chessboards and candle-



sticks made of precious stones. Fool, have they taken the top from the ale vat?

BARACH.

They have.

FINTAIN.

Then bring me a horn of ale quickly, for the Kings will be here in a minute. Now I can listen. Tell me what you saw this morning?

BARACH.

About the young man and the fighting?

FINTAIN.

Yes.

BARACH.

And after that we can go and eat the fowl, for I am hungry.

FINTAIN.

Time enough, time enough. You're in as great a hurry as when you brought me to Aine's Seat, where the mad dogs gather when the moon's at the full. Go on with your story.

BARACH.

I was creeping under a ditch, with the fowl in my leather bag, keeping to the shore where the farmer could not see me, when I came upon a ship drawn up upon the sands, a great red ship with a woman's head upon it.

FINTAIN.

A ship out of Aoife's country. They have all a woman's head on the bow.

BARACH.

There was a young man with a pale face and red hair standing beside it. Some of our people came up whose turn it was to guard the shore. I heard them ask the young man his name. He said he was under bonds not to tell it. Then words came between them, and they fought, & the young man killed half of them, and the others ran away,

FINTAIN.

It matters nothing to us, but he has come at last.

BARACH.

Who has come?

FINTAIN.

I know who that young man is. There is not another like him in the world. I saw him when I had my eyesight.

BARACH.

You saw him?

FINTAIN.

I used to be in Aoife's country when I had my eyesight.

BARACH.

That was before you went on shipboard and were blinded for putting a curse on the wind?

FINTAIN.

Queen Aoife had a son that was red haired and pale faced like herself, and everyone said that he would kill Cuchullain some day, but I would not have that spoken of.

BARACH.

Nobody could do that. Who was his father?

FINTAIN.

Nobody but Aoife knew that, not even he himself.

BARACH.

Not even he himself. Was Aoife a goddess & lecherous?

FINTAIN.

I overheard her telling that she never had but one lover, and that he was the only man who overcame her in battle. There were some who thought him one of the Riders of the Sidhe, because the child was great of limb and strong beyond others. The child was begotten over the mountains; but come nearer and I will tell you something.

BARACH.

You have thought something?

FINTAIN.

When I hear the young girls talking about the colour of Cuchullain's eyes, & how they have seven colours, I have thought about it. That young man has Aoife's face and hair, but he has Cuchullain's eyes.

BARACH.

How can he have Cuchullain's eyes?

FINTAIN.

He is Cuchullain's son.

BARACH.

And his mother has sent him hither to fight his father.

FINTAIN.

It is all quite plain. Cuchullain went into Aoife's country when he was a young man that he might learn skill in arms, and there he became Aoife's lover.

BARACH.

And now she hates him because he went away, and has sent the son to kill the father. I knew she was a goddess.

FINTAIN.

And she never told him who his father was, that he might do it. I have thought it all out, fool, I know a great many things because I listen when nobody is noticing and I keep my wits awake. What ails you now?

BARACH.

I have remembered that I am hungry.

FINTAIN.

Well, forget it again, and I will tell you about Aoife's country. It is full of wonders. There are a great many

Queens there who can change themselves into wolves and into swine and into white hares, and when they are in their own shapes they are stronger than almost any man; and there are young men there who have cat's eyes and if a bird chirrup or a mouse squeak they cannot keep them shut even though it is bed-time and they sleepy; and listen, for this is a great wonder, a very great wonder, there is a long narrow bridge, and when anybody goes to cross it, that the Queens do not like, it flies up as this bench would if you were to sit on the end of it. Everybody who goes there to learn skill in arms has to cross it. It was in that country too that Cuchullain got his spear made out of dragon bones. There were two dragons fighting in the foam of the sea, & their grandam was the moon, and six Queens came along the shore.

BARACH.

I won't listen to your story.

FINTAIN.

It is a very wonderful story. Wait till you hear what the six Queens did. Their right hands were all made of silver.

BARACH.

No, I will have my dinner first. You have eaten the fowl I left in front of the fire. The last time you sent me to steal something you made me forget all about it till you had eaten it up.

FINTAIN.

No, there is plenty for us both.

BARACH.

Come with me where it is.

FINTAIN.

( who is being led towards the door at the back by Barach) O, it is all right, it is in a safe place.

BARACH.

It is a fine fowl. It was the biggest in the yard.

FINTAIN.

It had a good smell, but I hope that the wild dogs have not smelt it. (Voices are heard outside the door at the side.) Here is our master. Let us stay and talk with him. Perhaps Cuchullain will give you a new cap with a feather. He told me that he would give you a new cap with a feather, a feather with an eye that looks at you, a peacock's feather.

BARACH.

No, no (he begins pulling Fintain towards the door.)

FINTAIN.

If you do not get it now, you may never get it, for the young man may kill him.

BARACH.

No, no I am hungry. What a head you have, blind man. Who but you would have remembered that the hen-wife slept for a little at noon every day.

### FINTAIN.

(who is being led along very slowly and unwillingly)  
Yes I have a good head. The fowl should be done just right, but one never knows when a wild dog may come out of the woods. (They go out through the big door at the back. As they go out Cuchullain & certain young Kings come in at the side door. Cuchullain though still young is a good deal older than the others. They are all very gaily dressed, and have their hair fastened with balls of gold. The young men crowd about Cuchullain with wondering attention.)

### FIRST YOUNG KING.

You have hurled that stone beyond our utmost mark  
Time after time, but yet you are not weary.

### SECOND YOUNG KING.

He has slept on the bare ground of Fuad's Hill  
This week past, waiting for the bulls and the deer.

### CUCHULLAIN.

Well, why should I be weary?

### FIRST YOUNG KING.

It is certain

His father was the god who wheels the sun,  
And not king Sualtam.

### THIRD YOUNG KING.

(to a young King who is beside him) He came in

the dawn,

And folded Dectara in a sudden fire.

FOURTH YOUNG KING.

And yet the mother's half might well grow weary,  
And it new come from labours over sea.

THIRD YOUNG KING.

He has been on islands walled about with silver,  
And fought with giants.

( They gather about the ale vat and begin to drink. )

CUCHULLAIN.

Who was it that went out?

THIRD YOUNG KING.

As we came in?

CUCHULLAIN.

Yes.

THIRD YOUNG KING.

Barach and blind Fintain.

CUCHULLAIN.

They always flock together; the blind man  
Has need of the fool's eyesight and strong body,  
While the poor fool has need of the other's wit,  
And night and day is up to his ears in mischief  
That the blind man imagines. There's no hen-yard  
But clucks and cackles when he passes by  
As if he'd been a fox. If I'd that ball  
That's in your hair and the big stone again,  
I'd keep them tossing, though the one is heavy



And the other light in the hand. A trick I learnt  
When I was learning arms in Aoife's country.

FIRST YOUNG KING.

What kind of woman was that Aoife?

CUCHULLAIN.

Comely.

FIRST YOUNG KING.

But I have heard that she was never married,  
And yet that's natural, for I have never known  
A fighting woman, but made her favours cheap,  
Or mocked at love till she grew sandy dry.

CUCHULLAIN.

What manner of woman do you like the best?

A gentle or a fierce.

FIRST YOUNG KING.

A gentle surely.

CUCHULLAIN.

I think that a fierce woman's better, a woman  
That breaks away when you have thought her won,  
For I'd be fed and hungry at one time.  
I think that all deep passion is but a kiss  
In the mid battle, and a difficult peace  
'Twixt oil and water, candles and dark night,  
Hill-side and hollow, the hot-footed sun,  
And the cold sliding slippery-footed moon,  
A brief forgiveness between opposites  
That have been hatreds for three times the age

Of his long 'stablished ground. Here's Concobar;  
So I'll be done, but keep beside me still,  
For while he talks of hammered bronze and asks  
What wood is best for building, we can talk  
Of a fierce woman.

(Concobar, a man much older than Cuchullain, has  
come in through the great door at the back. He has  
many kings about him. One of these kings, Daire,  
a stout old man, is somewhat drunk.)

CONCOBAR.

(to one of those about him) Has the ship gone yet?  
We have need of more bronze workers and that ship  
I sent to Africa for gold is late.

CUCHULLAIN.

I knew their talk.

CONCOBAR.

(seeing Cuchullain) You are before us King.

CUCHULLAIN.

So much the better, for I welcome you  
Into my Muirthemne.

CONCOBAR.

But who are these?

The odour from their garments when they stir  
Is like a wind out of an apple garden.

CUCHULLAIN.

My swordsmen and harp players and fine dancers,  
My bosom friends.

CONCOBAR.

I should have thought, Cuchullain,  
My graver company would better match  
Your greatness and your years; but I waste breath  
In harping on that tale.

CUCHULLAIN.

You do, great King.  
Because their youth is the kind wandering wave  
That carries me about the world; and if it sank,  
My sword would lose its lightness.

CONCOBAR.

Yet, Cuchullain,  
Emain should be the foremost town of the world.

CUCHULLAIN.

It is the foremost town.

CONCOBAR.

No, no, it's not.  
Nothing but men can make towns great, and he,  
The one over-topping man that's in the world,  
Keeps far away.

DAIRE.

He will not hear you, King,  
And we old men had best keep company  
With one another. I'll fill the horn for you.

CONCOBAR.

I will not drink, old fool. You have drunk a horn  
At every door we came to.

DAIRE.

You'd better drink,  
For old men light upon their youth again  
In the brown ale. When I have drunk enough,  
I am like Cuchullain as one pea another,  
And live like a bird's flight from tree to tree.

CONCOBAR.

We'll to our chairs for we have much to talk of,  
And we have Ullad and Muirthemne, and here  
Is Conall Muirthemne in the nick of time.  
(He goes to the back of stage to welcome a company  
of Kings who come in through the great door. The  
other Kings gradually get into their places. Cuchullain sits in his great chair with certain of the  
young men standing around him. Others of the  
young men, however, remain with Daire at the ale  
vat. Daire holds out the horn of ale to one or two of  
the older Kings as they pass him going to their  
places. They pass him by, most of them silently  
refusing.)

DAIRE.

Will you not drink?

AN OLD KING.

Not till the council's over.

A YOUNG KING.

But I'll drink, Daire.

ANOTHER YOUNG KING.

Fill me a horn too, Daire.

ANOTHER YOUNG KING.

If I'd drunk half that you have drunk to-day  
I'd be upon all fours.

DAIRE.

That would be natural  
When Mother Earth had given you this good milk  
From her great breasts.

CUCHULLAIN.

(to one of the young Kings beside him)

One is content awhile  
With a soft warm woman who folds up our lives  
In silky network. Then, one knows not why,  
But one's away after a flinty heart.

THE YOUNG KING.

How long can the net keep us?

CUCHULLAIN.

All our lives

If there are children, and a dozen moons  
If there are none, because a growing child  
Has so much need of watching it can make  
A passion that's as changeable as the sea  
Change till it holds the wide earth to its heart.  
At least I have heard a father say it, but I  
Being childless do not know it. Come nearer yet;  
Though he is ringing that old silver rod

We'll have our own talk out. They cannot hear us. (Concobar who is now seated in his great chair, opposite Cuchullain, beats upon the pillar of the house that is nearest to him with a rod of silver, till the Kings have become silent. Cuchullain alone continues to talk in a low voice to those about him, but not so loud as to disturb the silence. Concobar rises and speaks standing.)

CONCOBAR.

I have called you hither Kings of Ullad, and Kings  
Of Muirthemne and Connall Muirthemne,  
And tributary Kings, for now there is peace —  
It's time to build up Emain that was burned  
At the outsetting of these wars; for we,  
Being the foremost men, should have high chairs  
And be much stared at and wondered at, and speak  
Out of more laughing overflowing hearts  
Than common men. It is the art of kings  
To make what's noble nobler in men's eyes  
By wide uplifted roofs, where beaten gold,  
That's ruddy with desire, marries pale silver  
Among the shadowing beams; and many a time  
I would have called you hither to this work,  
But always, when I'd all but summoned you,  
Some war or some rebellion would break out.

DAIRE.

Where's Maine Morgor and old Usnach's children,

And that high-headed even-walking queen,  
And many near as great that got their death  
Because you hated peace. I can remember  
The people crying out when Deirdre passed  
And Maine Morgor had a cold grey eye.  
Well well, I'll throw this heel-tap on the ground,  
For it may be they are thirsty.

A KING.

Be silent fool.

ANOTHER KING.

Be silent Daire.

CONCOBAR.

Let him speak his mind.

I have no need to be afraid of ghosts,  
For I have made but necessary wars.  
I warred to strengthen Emain, or because  
When wars are out they marry and beget  
And have their generations like mankind  
And there's no help for it; but I'm well content  
That they have ended and left the town so great,  
That its mere name shall be in times to come  
Like a great ale vat where the men of the world  
Shall drink no common ale but the hard will,  
The unquenchable hope, the friendliness of the  
sword.

(He takes thin boards on which plans have been

carved by those about him)  
Give me the building plans, and have you written  
That we — Cuchullain is looking in his shield;  
It may be the pale riders of the wind  
Throw pictures on it, or that Mananan,  
His father's friend and sometime fosterer,  
Foreknower of all things, has cast a vision,  
Out of the cold dark of the rich sea,  
Foretelling Emain's greatness.

CUCHULLAIN.

No, great king

I looked on this out of mere idleness,  
Imagining a woman that I loved.  
(The sound of a trumpet without.)

CONCOBAR.

Open the door for that is a herald's trumpet.  
(The great door at the back is flung open; a young  
man who is fully armed and carries a shield with a  
woman's head painted on it, stands upon the thresh-  
old. Behind him are trumpeters. He walks into the  
centre of the hall, the trumpeting ceases.)  
What is your message?

YOUNG MAN.

I am of Aoife's army.

FIRST KING.

Queen Aoife and her army have fallen upon us.



SECOND KING.

Out swords! Out swords!

THIRD KING.

They are about the house.

FOURTH KING.

Rush out! Rush out! Before they have fired the  
thatch.

YOUNG MAN.

Aoife is far away. I am alone

I have come alone into the midst of you

To weigh this sword against Cuchullain's sword.

(There is a murmur amongst the kings.)

CONCOBAR.

And are you noble? for if of common seed

You cannot weigh your sword against his sword

But in mixed battle.

YOUNG MAN.

I am under bonds

To tell my name to no man, but it's noble.

CONCOBAR.

But I would know your name and not your bonds

You cannot speak in the Assembly House

If you are not noble.

A KING.

Answer the High King.

YOUNG MAN.

(drawing his sword) I will give no other proof than

the hawk gives  
That it's no sparrow. ( He is silent a moment then  
speaks to all.)

Yet look upon me, kings;  
I too am of that ancient seed and carry  
The signs about this body and in these bones.

CUCHULLAIN.

To have shown the hawk's grey feather is enough  
And you speak highly too.  
(Cuchullain comes down from his great chair. He  
remains standing on the steps of the chair. The young  
kings gather about him and begin to arm him.)

Give me that helmet!  
I'd thought they had grown weary sending cham-  
pions.

That coat will do. I'd half forgotten, boy,  
How all those great kings came into the mouse-trap  
That had been baited with Maeve's pretty daughter.  
How Findabair, that blue-eyed Findabair —  
But the tale is worthy of a winter's night.

That buckle should be tighter. Give me your shield.  
There is good level ground at Baile's Yew-tree  
Some dozen yards from here, and it's but truth  
That I am sad to-day and this fight welcome.

( He looks hard at the young man, and then steps  
down on to the floor of the Assembly House. He  
grasps the young man by the shoulder. )

Hither into the light. (Turning to one of the young kings)

That's the very tint  
Of her that I was speaking of but now:  
Not a pin's difference. (To the young man)

You are from the North  
Where there are many that have that tint of hair  
Red brown, the light red brown. Come nearer, boy!  
For I would have another look at you.

There's more likeness, a pale, a stone pale cheek.  
What brought you boy? Have you no fear of death?

YOUNG MAN.

Whether I live or die is in the Gods' hands.

CUCHULLAIN.

That is all words, all words, a young man's talk;  
I am their plough, their harrow, their very strength,  
For he that's in the sun begot this body  
Upon a mortal woman, and I have heard tell  
It seemed as if he had outrun the moon,

That he must always follow through waste heaven,  
He loved so happily. He'll be but slow

To break a tree that was so sweetly planted.

Let's see that arm; I'll see it if I like.

That arm had a good father and a good mother  
But it is not like this.

YOUNG MAN.

You are mocking me.

You think I am not worthy to be fought,  
But I'll not wrangle but with this talkative knife.

CUCHULLAIN.

Put up your sword, I am not mocking you  
I'd have you for my friend, but if it's not  
Because you have a hot heart and a cold eye  
I cannot tell the reason. You've got her fierceness  
And nobody is as fierce as those pale women.  
(to the young kings)  
We'll keep him here in Muirthemne awhile.

A YOUNG KING.

You are the leader of our pack and therefore  
May cry what you will.

CUCHULLAIN.

You'll stop with us  
And we will hunt the deer and the wild bulls  
And, when we have grown weary, light our fires  
In sandy places where the wool-white foam  
Is murmuring and breaking, and it maybe  
That long-haired women will come out of the dunes  
To dance in the yellow fire-light ; You hang your  
head  
Young man, as if it was not a good life;  
And yet what's better than to hurl the spear,  
And hear the long-remembering harp, and dance;  
Friendship grows quicker in the murmuring dark;  
But I can see there's no more need for words

And that you'll be my friend now.

FIRST OLD KING.

Concobar

Forbid their friendship for it will get twisted

To a reproach against us.

CONCOBAR.

Until now

I'd never need to cry Cuchullain on

And would not now.

FIRST OLD KING.

They'll say his manhood's quenched.

CUCHULLAIN.

I'll give you gifts, but I'll have something too

An arm-ring or the like, and if you will

We'll fight it out when you are older, boy.

AN OLD KING.

Aoife will make some story out of this.

CUCHULLAIN.

Well, well what matter, I'll have that arm-ring, boy.

YOUNG MAN.

There is no man I'd sooner have my friend

Than you whose name has gone about the world

As if it had been the wind, but Aoife'd say

I had turned coward.

CUCHULLAIN.

I'll give you gifts

That Aoife'll know and all her people know

To have been my gifts. Mananan son of the sea  
Gave me this heavy purple cloak. Nine Queens  
Of the Land-under-Wave had woven it  
Out of the fleeces of the sea. O ! tell her  
I was afraid, or tell her what you will.  
No ! tell her that I heard a raven croak  
On the north side of the house and was afraid.

AN OLD KING.

Some witch of the air has troubled Cuchullain's  
mind.

CUCHULLAIN.

No witchcraft, his head is like a woman's head  
I had a fancy for.

SECOND OLD KING.

A witch of the air  
Can make a leaf confound us with memories.  
They have gone to school to learn the trick of it.

CUCHULLAIN.

But there's no trick in this. That arm-ring, boy.

THIRD OLD KING.

He shall not go unfought, I'll fight with him.

FOURTH OLD KING.

No ! I will fight with him.

FIRST OLD KING.

I claim the fight,  
For when we sent an army to her land —

SECOND OLD KING.

I claim the fight, for one of Aoife's galleys  
Stole my great cauldron and a herd of pigs.

THIRD OLD KING.

No, no I claim it, for at Lammas' time —

CUCHULLAIN.

Back ! Back ! Put up your swords ! Put up your  
swords !

There's none alive that shall accept a challenge  
I have refused. Laegaire, put up your sword.

YOUNG MAN.

No let them come, let any three together.  
If they've a mind to, I'll try it out with four.

CUCHULLAIN.

That's spoken as I'd spoken it at your age,  
But you are in my house. Whatever man  
Would fight with you shall fight it out with me.  
They're dumb. They're dumb. How many of you  
would meet (drawing his sword)

This mutterer, this old whistler, this sand-piper,  
This edge that's greyer than the tide, this mouse  
That's gnawing at the timbers of the world,  
This, this — Boy I would meet them all in arms  
If I'd a son like you. He would avenge me  
When I have withstood for the last time the men  
Whose fathers, brothers, sons, and friends I have  
killed

Upholding Ullad; when the four provinces  
Have gathered with the ravens over them.  
But I'd need no avenger. You and I  
Would scatter them like water from a dish.

YOUNG MAN.

We'll stand by one another from this out  
Here is the ring.

CUCHULLAIN.

No, turn and turn about

But my turn is first, because I am the older.  
Cliodna embroidered these bird wings, but Fand  
Made all these little golden eyes with the hairs  
That she had stolen out of Aengus' beard,  
And therefore none that has this cloak about him  
Is crossed in love. The heavy inlaid brooch  
That Buan hammered has a merit too.  
(He begins spreading the cloak out on a bench  
showing it to the Young Man. Suddenly Concobar  
beats with his silver rod on a pillar beside his chair.  
All turn towards him.)

CONCOBAR.

(in a loud voice) No more of that, I will not have  
this friendship

Cuchullain is my man and I forbid it;  
He shall not go unfought for I myself—

CUCHULLAIN.

(seizing Concobar) You shall not stir High King, I'll



hold you there.

CONCOBAR.

Witchcraft has maddened you.

THE KINGS.

(shouting) Yes, witchcraft, witchcraft.

A KING.

You saw another's head upon his shoulders

All of a sudden, a woman's head Cuchullain,

Then raised your hand against the King of Ullad.

CUCHULLAIN.

(letting Concoabar go, and looking wildly about him)

Yes, yes, all of a sudden, all of a sudden.

DAIRE.

Why there's no witchcraft in it, I myself

Have made a hundred of these sudden friendships

And fought it out next day. But that was folly

For now that I am old I know it is best

To live in comfort.

A KING.

Pull the fool away.

DAIRE.

I'll throw a heel-tap to the one that dies.

CONCOBAR.

Some witch is floating in the air above us.

CUCHULLAIN.

Yes, witchcraft, witchcraft and the power of witchcraft. (To the Young Man)

Why did you do it? was it Calatin's daughters?  
Out, out I say, for now it's sword on sword.

YOUNG MAN.

But, but, I did not.

CUCHULLAIN.

Out, I say, out, out!

Sword upon sword; (He goes towards the door at back followed by Young Man. He turns on the threshold and cries out, looking at the Young Man.) That hair my hands were drowned in! (He goes out followed by Young Man. The other Kings begin to follow them out.)

A KING.

I saw him fight with Ferdiad.

SECOND KING.

We'll be too late

They're such a long time getting through the door.

THIRD KING.

Run quicker, quicker.

DAIRE.

I was at the Smith's

When he that was the boy Setanta then —

(Sound of fighting outside)

THIRD KING.

He will have killed him. They have begun the fight!  
(They all go out, leaving the house silent and empty.  
There is a pause during which one hears the clashing

of the swords. Barach and Fintain come in from side door. Barach is dragging Fintain.)

BARACH.

You have eaten it, you have eaten it, you have left me nothing but the bones.

FINTAIN.

O, that I should have to endure such a plague. O, I ache all over. O, I am pulled in pieces. This is the way you pay me all the good I have done you!

BARACH.

You have eaten it; you have told me lies about a wild dog. Nobody has seen a wild dog about the place this twelve month. Lie there till the kings come. O, I will tell Concobar and Cuchullain and all the kings about you!

FINTAIN.

What would have happened to you but for me, and you without your wits. If I did not take care of you what would you do for food and warmth!

BARACH.

You take care of me? You stay safe and send me into every kind of danger. You sent me down the cliff for gull's eggs while you warmed your blind eyes in the sun. And then you ate all that were good for food. You left me the eggs that were neither egg nor bird. (The blind man tries to rise. Barach makes him lie down again.)

Keep quiet now till I shut the door. There is some noise outside. There are swords crossing; a high vexing noise so that I can't be listening to myself. ( He goes to the big door at the back and shuts it.) Why can't they be quiet, why can't they be quiet. Ah, you would get away would you? ( He follows the blind man who has been crawling along the wall and makes him lie down close to the king's chair. ) Lie there, lie there. No you wont get away. Lie there till the kings come, I'll tell them all about you. I shall tell it all. How you sit warming yourself, when you have made me light a fire of sticks, while I sit blowing it with my mouth. Do you not always make me take the windy side of the bush when it blows and the rainy side when it rains?

FINTAIN.

O good fool listen to me. Think of the care I have taken of you. I have brought you to many a warm hearth, where there was a good welcome for you, but you would not stay there, you were always wandering about.

BARACH.

The last time you brought me in, it was not I who wandered away, but you that got put out because you took the crubeen out of the pot, when you thought nobody was looking. Keep quiet now, keep quiet till I shut the door. Here is Cuchullain, now

you will be beaten. I am going to tell him everything.

CUCHULLAIN.

(comes in and says to the fool) Give me that horn.  
(The fool gives him a horn which Cuchullain fills  
with ale and drinks.)

FINTAIN.

Do not listen to him, listen to me.

CUCHULLAIN.

What are you wrangling over?

BARACH.

He is fat and good for nothing. He has left me the  
bones and the feathers.

CUCHULLAIN.

What feathers?

BARACH.

I left him turning a fowl at the fire. He ate it all.  
He left me nothing but the bones and feathers.

FINTAIN.

Do not believe him. You do not know how vain this  
fool is. I gave him the feathers, because I thought he  
would like nothing so well.

(Barach is sitting on a bench playing with a heap of  
feathers which he has taken out of the breast of his  
coat.)

BARACH.

(singing) When you were an acorn on the tree top—

FINTAIN.

Where would he be but for me? I must be always thinking, thinking to get food for the two of us, and when we've got it, if the moon's at the full or the tide on the turn, he'll leave the rabbit in its snare till it is full of maggots, or let the trout slip through his hands back into the water.

BARACH.

(singing) When you were an acorn on the tree top,  
Then was I an eagle cock;  
Now that you are a withered old block,  
Still am I an eagle cock!

FINTAIN.

Listen to him now! That's the sort of talk I have to put up with day out day in. (The fool is putting the feathers into his hair. Cuchullain takes a handful of feathers out of the heap and out of the fool's hair and begins to wipe the blood from his sword with them.)

BARACH.

He has taken my feathers to wipe his sword. It is blood that he is wiping from his sword!

FINTAIN.

Whose blood? Whose blood?

CUCHULLAIN.

That young champion's.

FINTAIN.

He that came out of Aoife's country?

CUCHULLAIN.

The Kings are standing round his body.

FINTAIN.

Did he fight long?

CUCHULLAIN.

He thought to have saved himself with witchcraft.

BARACH.

That blind man there said he would kill you. He came from Aoife's country to kill you. That blind man said they had taught him every kind of weapon that he might do it. But I always knew that you would kill him.

CUCHULLAIN.

(to the blind man) You knew him then?

FINTAIN.

I saw him when I had my eyes, in Aoife's country.

CUCHULLAIN.

You were in Aoife's country?

FINTAIN.

I knew him and his mother there.

CUCHULLAIN.

He was about to speak of her when he died.

FINTAIN.

He was a Queen's son.

CUCHULLAIN.

What Queen, what Queen? (He seizes the blind man.)

Was it Scathach? There were many Queens. All the rulers there were Queens.

FINTAIN.

No, not Scathach.

CUCHULLAIN.

It was Uathach then. Speak, speak!

FINTAIN.

I cannot speak, you are clutching me too tightly. (Cuchullain lets him go.) I cannot remember who it was. I am not certain. It was some Queen.

BARACH.

He said a while ago that the young man was Aoife's son.

CUCHULLAIN.

She? No, no, she had no son when I was there.

BARACH.

That blind man there said that she owned him for her son.

CUCHULLAIN.

I had rather he had been some other woman's son. What father had he? A soldier out of Alba? She was an amorous woman, a proud pale amorous woman.

FINTAIN.

None knew whose son he was.

CUCHULLAIN.

None knew? Did you know, old listener at doors?



FINTAIN.

No, no, I knew nothing.

BARACH.

He said a while ago that he heard Aoife boast that she'd never but the one lover, and he the only man that had overcome her in battle. (A pause.)

FINTAIN.

Somebody is trembling. Why are you trembling, fool? the bench is shaking, why are you trembling? Is Cuchullain going to hurt us? It was not I who told you, Cuchullain.

BARACH.

It is Cuchullain who is trembling. He is shaking the bench with his knees.

CUCHULLAIN.

He was my son, and I have killed my son. (A pause.)  
'Twas they that did it, the pale windy people,  
Where, where, where? My sword against the thunder.

But no, for they have always been my friends;  
And though they love to blow a smoking coal  
Till it's all flame, the wars they blow aflame  
Are full of glory, and heart uplifting pride,  
And not like this; the wars they love awaken  
Old fingers and the sleepy strings of harps.  
Who did it then? Are you afraid; speak out,  
For I have put you under my protection

And will reward you well. Dubthach the Chafer.  
He had an old grudge. No, for he is with Maeve.  
Laegaire did it. Why do you not speak?  
What is this house? (A pause) Now I remember all.

FINTAIN.

He will kill us. O, I am afraid!

CUCHULLAIN.

(who is before Concobar's chair) 'Twas you who  
did it, you who sat up there  
With that old branch of silver, like a magpie  
Nursing a stolen spoon. Magpie, Magpie,  
A maggot that is eating up the earth;  
(begins hacking at the chair with his sword)  
No, but a magpie for he's flown away.  
Where did he fly to?

FINTAIN.

He is outside the door.

CUCHULLAIN.

Outside the door?

FINTAIN.

He is under Baile's yew-tree.

CUCHULLAIN.

Concobar, Concobar, the sword into your heart.  
(He goes out. A pause. The fool goes to the great  
door at back and looks out after him.)

BARACH.

He is going up to King Concobar; they are all under

the tree. No, no, he is standing still. There is a great wave going to break and he is looking at it. Ah ! now he is running down to the sea, but he is holding up his sword as if he were going into a fight. (A pause.) Well struck, well struck !

FINTAIN.

What is he doing now ?

BARACH.

O ! he is fighting the waves.

FINTAIN.

He sees King Concohar's crown on every one of them.

BARACH.

There, he has struck at a big one. He has struck the crown off it, he has made the foam fly. There again another big one. (shouting without)

FINTAIN.

Where are the kings ? What are the kings doing ?

BARACH.

They are shouting and running down to the shore, and the people are running out of the houses, they are all running.

FINTAIN.

You say they are running out of the houses, there will be nobody left in the houses. Listen, fool.

BARACH.

There, he is down ! He is up again ! He is going out into the deep water.

FINTAIN.

Come here, fool; come here, I say.

BARACH.

(coming towards him but looking backward towards the door.) What is it?

FINTAIN.

There will be nobody in the houses. Come this way, come quickly; the ovens will be full we will put our hands into the ovens. (They go out.)

Here ends *In The Seven Woods*, written by William Butler Yeats, printed, upon paper made in Ireland, and published by Elizabeth Corbet Yeats at the Dun Emer Press, in the house of Evelyn Gleeson at Dundrum in the county of Dublin, Ireland, finished the sixteenth day of July, in the year of the big wind  
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